

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

A N D

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A T A L E.

By PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

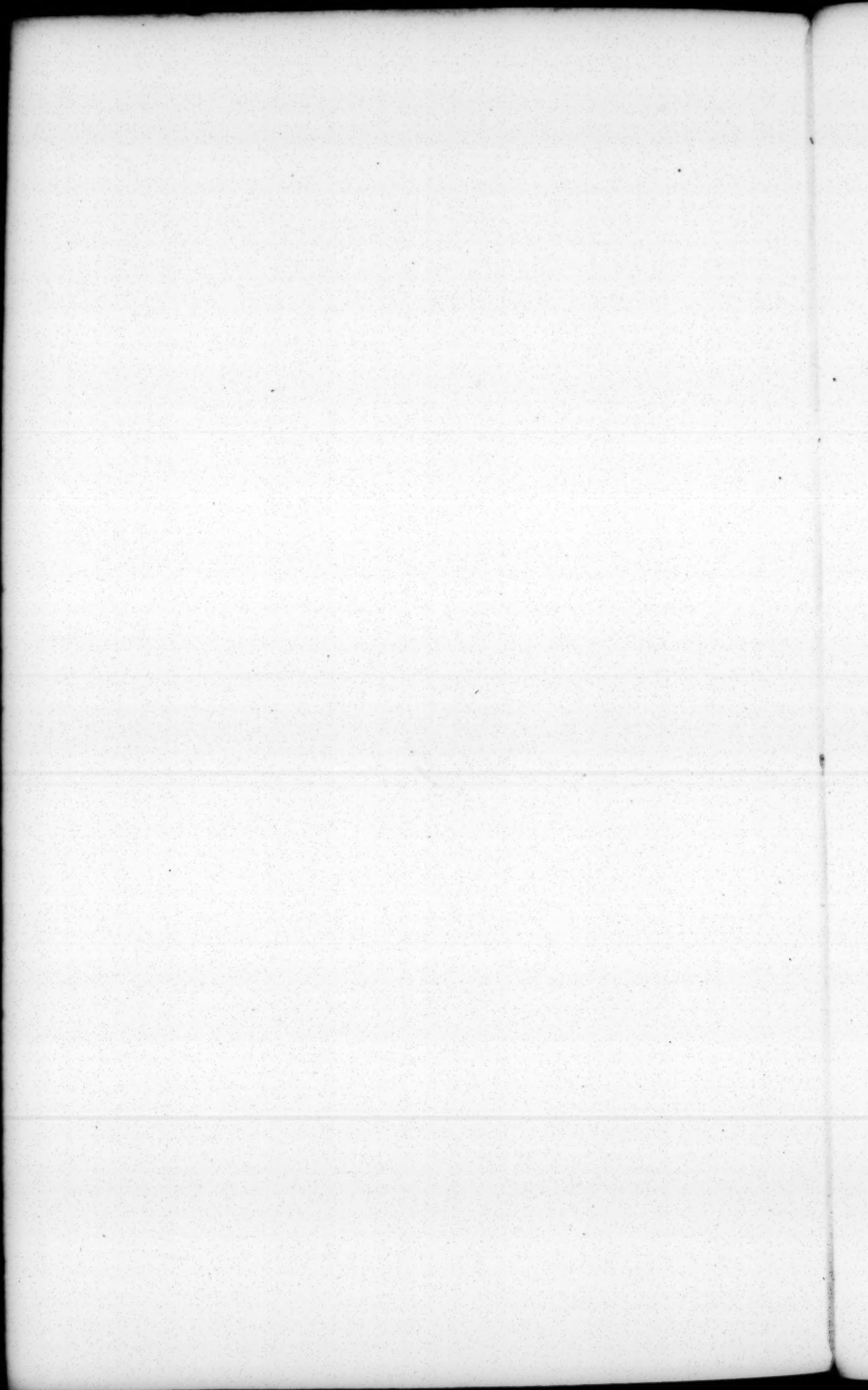
One Intellect not all Things comprehends:

The Genius form'd for Weeds, and Grubs, and Flies,
Can't have for ever at its Finger Ends
What's doing ev'ry Moment in the Skies.

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T H E
A R G U M E N T.

P*PETER the GREAT fighteth the President's Battle—proclaimeth some of the President's Powers—viz. his persevering Tooth-and-nail Powers—his Stomach Powers—his Face Powers—his Hammer Powers, triumphing over the Powers of Morpheus, and eke his courageous Powers.*

Peter beginneth the Tale—Sir Joseph proceedeth to hunt—but first ejaculateth—The Virtuoso's Prayer—Sir Joseph's Insect Enthusiasm induceth him, contrary to his general Piety, to pray wickedly, by selfishly wishing to gratify his own Desires at the Expence of the Farmers—Sir Joseph prayeth for Pharaoh's Flies—condemneth Pharaoh's Taste—maketh Interest for Showers of Flies, instead of Quails—prayeth for Monsters, and promiseth them the Honour of his Name.

Sir Joseph, in a Pointer-like Manner, ambulateth—he espieth the Emperor of Morocco—Peter conjectureth as to Sir Joseph's Joy on the Occasion—compareth Sir Joseph's Joy with that experienced by Archimedes, Hare-hunters, outrageously-virtuous old Maids, the little Duke of Piccadilly, a Pimp, Mother Windsor's Virgins, and Mother Windsor herself—Sir Joseph's Pursuits—the President tumbleth, in Imitation of Mr.

Eden—a beautiful Comparison between Sir Joseph and Tamerlane, a Butterfly, and Bajazet—Sir Joseph again tumbleth—Sir Joseph's Hat tumbleth with him—Sir Joseph riseth and bloweth—he is gazed at by a Countryman—he darteth through a Hedge in Pursuit of the Emperor, and tumbleth into a Lane—he getteth up speedily, and putteth a Question to Hob—Hob answereth not, but pitieth him—Sir Joseph obtaineth a second View of the Emperor—pursueth his Majesty into a Garden—oversetteth the Gardener—trampleth on rare flowers—breaketh many Bell Glasses—overturneth the Scarecrow—Peter praiseth the Scarecrow—Sir Joseph oversetteth a hive of Bees—The Bees surprized—they attempt a Revenge, but succeed not, on Account of the hard and tough Materials of Sir Joseph's Head-piece—The Gardener, quitting his horizontal Position, pursueth Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph pursueth the Emperor, and the Emperor flieth away—The Gardener collareth Sir Joseph, and expostulateth—Sir Joseph heedeth not the Gardener's Complaint, being in deep Sorrow for the Loss of the Emperor—The Gardener quitteth his Gripe in Sir Joseph, and putteth him down for a Lunatic—the Gardener execrateth Sir Joseph's Keeper, and falleth into a Panic—flieth off unceremoniously, and leaveth the President in the Situation of a celebrated Prophet.

P R O E M I U M.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

SINCE members, loft to manners, growl;
Call poor Sir Joseph afs, and owl;

Nay, oft with coarser epithets revile;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
Let me display a Christian spirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a stile.

Though not, like Erskine, in the law a giant,
I must take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by these presents, then, ye noisy crew,
Who at his blushing honours * look so blue,

* *Blushing honours*—the author undoubtedly means the epithet *blushing* to be understood as synonymous with *blooming*, and not in a satyrical sense: God forbid that the friend of Sir Joseph should mean *otherwise*!

That

That though Sir Joseph is not deep-discerning,
 And though, as all the world well knows,
 A nutshell might with perfect ease enclose

Three quarters of his sense, and all his learning;
 Whose modest wisdom, therefore, never aims
 To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he sets himself about,
 With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, so stout,

He labours for his wish, no matter what;—
 I can't say that Sir Joseph lions kills;
 Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras spills;

But then most manfully he eats a bat,
 Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old or young,
 As in the sweetest strains the Muse hath sung: *
 Fit with the hugest Hottentot to cope,
 Who dines on raw flesh at the Cape of Hope.
 Blest with a phiz, he bids the Members tremble!

To deathlike silence turns the direst din;
 And where so many savages assemble,
 Like hounds they want a proper Whipper-in.

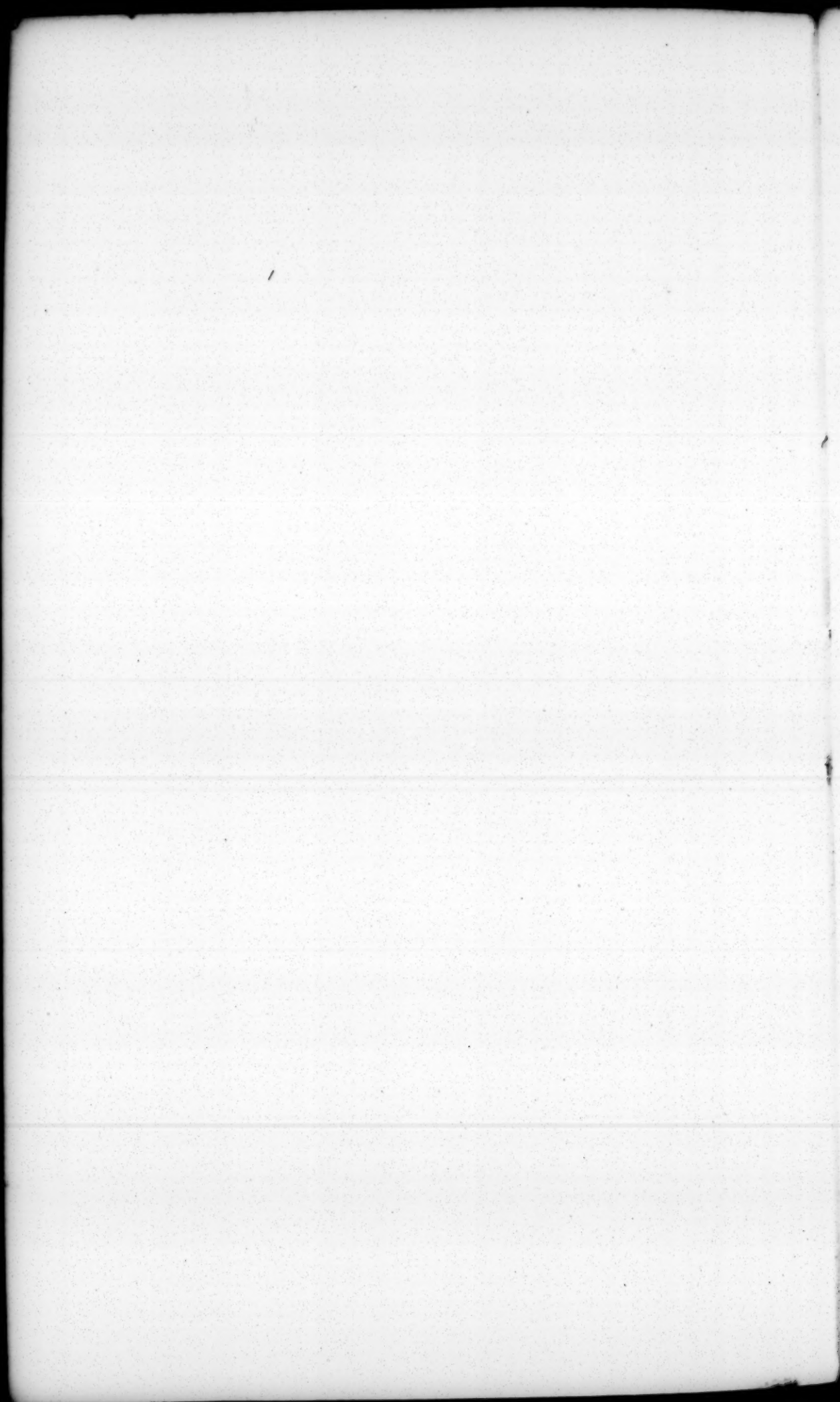
* See Peter's Prophecy.

Dare members sleep †, a set of snoring Goths,
 Whilst Blagden reads a chapter upon moths?

Down goes the hammer, cloath'd with thunder!
 Up spring the Snorers, half without their wigs;
 Old Graybeards grave, and smock-fac'd Prigs,
 With ell-wide jaws displaying signs of wonder.

Lo! perseverance is the soul of action!
 And courage proper to oppose a faction;
 Therefore he fits with wonderful propriety,
 The MONRO of a mad Society:
 And that he is both brave and persevering,
 Witness the following story, well worth hearing.

† Frequently, indeed, are the Members sent to the land of shadows by the Society's somniferous papers; assisted in a great measure in their voyage by the Doctor's drowsy manner of communicating the contents.



V
E
I

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all Insectmongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to catch this game renown'd,
On vi'lets, dunghills, nettletops, and daifies!
But first (so pious is Sir Joseph's nature)
He thus address'd the butterfly's Creator.

T H E
VIRTUOSO'S PRAYER.

Q THOU whose wisdom plann'd the skies,
And form'd the wings of butterflies,
Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, would be the best of news——
Then might thy servant pick and chuse
From such a glorious heap:
Forth to the world I'll boldly rush,
Put all Musæums to the blush,
And hold them all dog cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taste——
The flies on *him* were thrown to waste,
Nay, met with strong objection;
But had thy servant, Lord, been there,
I should have made, or much I err,
A wonderful collection!

O Lord!

O Lord! if not my mem'ry fails,
 Thou once didst rain on people quails——
 Again the world surprize;
 And 'stead of such a trifling bird,
 Rain on thy servant Joseph, Lord,
 Show'rs of rare butterflies!

Since monsters are my great delight,
 With monsters charm thy servant's fight,
 Turn feathers into hair:
 Make legs where legs were never seen,
 And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
 As broad as faucers stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
 O! let thy pow'r supply with paws,
 Adorn'd with human nails;
 In value more to make them rise,
 Transplant from all their heads, their eyes,
 And place them in their tails.

And if thou wisely wouldst contrive
 To make me butterflies alive,

To fly without a head;
To skim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields;
Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden should puff them at our Meeting;
Members would press around me greeting;
The Journals swell with thanks;
And more to magnify their fame,
Those headless flies should have a name——
My name——Sir Joseph Banks!

THUS having finish'd, forth Sir Joseph hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
Just like a pointer, quart'ring well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around!
At length, to bless his hunting ambulation,
Up rose a Native of the flutt'ring nation.
Broad star'd Sir Joseph as if struck by thunder;
(For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder,)

When

When from a dab of dung, or *some such thing*,
An Emp'ror of Morocco rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
More blest, cried "*Eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief;"
Nor hunters, when a hare, to shun foul play,
Steals from his feat so fly, cry "Stole away;"
Nor stale old nymphs, by raging virtue fway'd,
Roar on a Frail one, "Kill the wicked jade;"
Than roar'd Sir Joseph on the verdant sod,
"Morocco's Emp'ror, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture-speaking look,
The little gamefome PICCADILLY DUKE

Eyes a nice TIT, fresh launch'd upon the town;
Nor with more pleasure Cupid's trusty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people nam'd a pimp,
Stares on his virtuous fee, a crown;]

Nor King's-Place nymphs, on Greenhorns in their
pow'r;

Who (shameless rascals, wanting not a wife,)
Hire love, like hackney-coaches, by the hour,
Damning the love so true that lasts for life;

Nor

Nor wither'd WINDSOR on the simple Maid,
From scenes of rural innocence betray'd ;

Forc'd to dispose of Nature's sweetest charms ;
Doom'd for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck ;
To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,
And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms ;
Than did the Hero of my song,
Survey the Emp'ror as he mov'd along.

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd husband spies
Death shutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,
Accustom'd on him oft and fierce to roll ;
Just like a galley slave, poor fellow, treated,
Or those poor English at Calcutta sweated ;
Stuff'd in the old Black Hole :

And yet, a neater simile to use,
Not with more true delight a lover views
The blushing orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
To bid the hours with rapture glide away :

Sad anxious swain, who now in bed, now out,
 Toss'd like the sea with thundering thoughts about ;
 Curfing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night ;
 Now trying hard to sleep away the time ;
 Now staring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,
 To catch the smallest glimpse of light ;
 Afraid that Phœbus means foul play,
 And, bent to spite him, lie a-bed all day :

And, *bonâ fide*, not of rapture fuller,
 Thurlow, the Seal and Royal Conscience keeper,
 Sees his prime fav'rite, Mr. Justice Buller,
 High thron'd in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir
 Pepper,
 Than did the President so keen espy
 The butterfly !

Lightly with winnowing wing amid the land,
 His Moorish Majesty in circles flew !
 With sturdy striding legs and outstretch'd hand,
 The Virtuoso did his prey pursue.

He strikes—he misses—strikes again—he grins,
 And sees in thought the monarch fix'd with pins ;
 Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
 Nail'd like a hawk or martyr to a post.

Oft fell Sir Joseph on the slipp'ry plain,
 Like *patriot* EDEN—fell to rise again ;
 The Emp'ror, smiling, sported on before ;
 Like Phœbus courting Daphne was the chase,
 But not so was the meaning of the race,
 Sir Joseph ran to kill, not kiss the Moor ;

To hold him pris'ner in a glass for show,
 Like Tamerlane, (redoubtable his rage)
 Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquish'd foe,
 Just like an owl or magpye in a cage.

Again to earth Sir Joseph fell so flat,
 Flat as the flattest of the flounder race !
 Down with Sir Joseph dropp'd his three-cock'd hat,
 Most nobly sharing in his friend's disgrace.
 Again he springs, with hope and ardour pale,
 And blowing like the fish baptiz'd a whale ;

Darting

Darting his arms now here, now there, so wild,
 With all the eager raptures of a child,
 Who with broad anxious eyes a bauble views,
 And, capering legs and hands, the toy pursues.

A Countryman, who, from a lane,
 Had mark'd Sir Joseph, running, tumbling, sweat-
 ing,
 Stretching his hands and arms, like one insane,
 And with those arms the air around him beating,
 To no particular opinion leaning,
 Of such manœuvring could not guess the meaning.

At length the President, all foam and muck,
 Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
 Pursued the flying monarch to the place,
 Where stood this Countryman, with marv'ling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horse,
 Wild plung'd the President with all his force,
 His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation;
 Mildness of trees, and bushes, and the brambles,
 Head over heels into the lane he scrambles,
 Where Hob stood lost in wide-mouth'd speculation!

“ Speak,” roar’d the President, “ this instant—say,

“ Haft seen, haft seen, my lad, this way

“ The Emp’ror of Morocco pafs ?”——

Hob to the insect-hunter nought replied,

But shook his head, and sympathizing sigh’d,

“ Alas !

“ Poor gentleman, I’m sorry for ye ;

“ And pity much your *upper story* ?”

Lo ! down the lane alert the Emp’ror flew,

And struck once more Sir Joseph’s hawk-like view ;

And now he mounted o’er a garden wall !

In rush’d Sir Joseph at the garden door,

Knock’d down the Gard’ner—what could man do
more,

And left him as he chose to rise or sprawl.

O’er peerless hyacinths our Hero rush’d ;

Through tulips and anemonies he push’d,

Breaking a hundred necks at ev’ry spring :

On bright carnations, blushing on their banks,

With desp’rate hoof he trod, and mow’d down ranks,

Such vast ambition urg’d to seize the king !

Bell glaffes, all fo thick, were tumbled o'er,
 And lo! the cries, fo shrill, of many a score,
 A sad and fatal ftroke proclaim'd;
 The Scarecrow, all fo red, was overturn'd;
 His vanish'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
 And much, indeed, the man of ftraw was maim'd!

Just Guardian of the facred spot,
 With face fo fierce, and pointed gun,
 Who threat'ned all the birds with fhoot;
 To kill of fparrows ev'ry mother's fon:
 Fierce as thofe fcarlet minifters of fate,
 The warlike guardians of St. James's gate!

Yet not content with feats like thefe,
 He tumbled o'er a hive of bees;
 Out rufh'd the hoft, and wonder'd from their fouls,
 What dev'l dar'd dafh their houfe about their polls.

Like Louis *, whose fierce heart was fuch,
 As made him like a football kick the Dutch!

* Louis XIV.

But soon the small, heroic, injur'd nation

Descried the author of their obligation ;

And, to repay it, round him rush'd the swarm ;
Prodigious was the buz about his ears !

With all their venom did they push their spears,

But lo ! they work'd him not one grain of harm !
Yet did no God nor Godling intervene,
By way of screen !

The happy head their pointed spears defied,
Strong, like old Homer's shields, in tough bull hide,

And brass well temper'd, to support the shock !—
The bees their disappointed vengeance mourn'd,
And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
Believing they had storm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only tickling the great Man !

Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan host,
Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a post.

The Gard'ner now for just revenge up sprung,
O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,

And

And fiercely in his turn pursu'd the Knight!
 From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
 This chac'd the Knight, the Knight the Emp'ror
 chac'd,

Who scal'd the walls, alas! and vanish'd out of
 fight;

To find the Empress, p'rhaps, and tell her **GRACE**
 The merry hist'ry of the chase.

At length the Gard'ner, swell'd with rage and do-
 lour,

O'ertaking, grasps Sir Joseph by the collar,

And blest with fav'rite oaths, abundance show'rs;

"Villain," he cried, "beyond example!

"Just like a cart-horse on my beds to trample,

"More than your foul is worth, to kill my flow'rs!

"See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck—

"Look, rascal, at each Beauty's broken neck!"

Mindless of humbled flow'rs, so freely kill'd,

Although superior to his foul declar'd,

And vegetable blood profusely spill'd,

Superior, too, to all reward;

Mindless

Mindless of all the Gard'ner's plaintive strains,
The Emp'ror's form monopoliz'd his brains.

At length he spoke, in sad despairing tones,
" Gone! by the God that made me!—D-mn his
 " bones!

" O Lord! no disappointment mine surpasses;—
" Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glasses,
" A tumbled Scarecrow, bees, the idle whim?—
" Zounds! what a set of miscreants to *him*!—

 " Gone is my soul's desire, for ever gone!"—
" Who's gone?" the Gard'ner straight replied—
" The Emp'ror, Sir," with tears, Sir Joseph, cried,
 " The Emp'ror of Morocco—thought my own!
" To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly!—
" Zounds! not to catch him, what an ass was I!"

His eyes the Gard'ner, full of horror, stretch'd,
And then a groan, a monstrous groan, he fetch'd,
 Contemplating around his ruin'd wares;
And now he let Sir Joseph's collar go;
And now he bray'd aloud with bitterest woe,
 " Mad, madder than the maddest of March hares!

 " A p-x

“ A p-x confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs!

“ Oh! he hath done the work of fifty pigs!

“ The Devil take his Keeper, a damn'd goose,

“ For letting his wild Beast get loose!”

But now the Gard'ner, terrified, began

To think himself too near a man

In so Peg-Nicholson a situation;

And happy from a madman to escape,

He left him without bow, or nod, or scrape,

Like JEREMIAH 'midst his Lamentation.

Such is the tale—if readers sigh for more,

Sir Joseph's wallet holdeth many a score.

F I N I S.



